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The tempest roar and battle pride ;—
 I've seen those floating streamers shrinking—
 The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking
 Beneath the ocean tide ;—
 And heard the seaman farewell sighing,
 His body on the dark sea lying—
 His death-prayer to the wind !

But sadder sight the eye can know
 Than proud bark lost and seaman's wo—
 Or battle fire and tempest cloud—
 Or prey-birds shriek and ocean's shroud—
 The Shipwreck of the Mind.

W r.

Brunswick, —

Lines addressed to ———, Esq. Court-Square, who
 complained of the disadvantage of weak eyes in the profession
 of the law.

Weak eyes are best, be rul'd by me,
 To view the joyous omen right,
 Since able lawyers, all agree,
 Must often have the *fee*-blest sight.

Court-Street.

——— FOR THEE THE TEAR BE DULY SHED !

FRESH blew the breeze, and the wide swelling sail,
 Impell'd the swift vessel that bore it above,
 Which return'd to her home on the wings of the gale,
 As if eager to meet the embraces of love.

All hie to the mart where her packets are given,
 And hastily break the frail seals which they bear,
 Politicians and merchants are equally driven,
 To seek for events with the visage of care.

And I too—who reck'd not of Europe's relations,
 And still less of Commerce, its losses or gain,

But who hop'd to receive from a far distant station,
Some news of a friend, long expected in vain—

Nor was I deceiv'd, when impatient at last,
That writing familiar which oft could beguile,
The tedious hours in chill solitude pass'd,
Excited at once its habitual smile.

The letter was open'd with pleasing emotion,
And secret delight that of her I should hear,
Who had long since excited my warmest devotion,
Devotion of friendship, as pure as sincere,

It told me of her—what a chill to the heart,
Was suddenly sent, by the first words I read;
It told me of her—what I dread to impart,
It told me, alas ! that bright spirit had fled !

How crushing the blow which thus comes by surprise,
To friends afar off, who hear at one breath,
That all is completed !—at once to their eyes,
A blank void is shewn—no sound echoes but death.

When sickness invades, or when grief undermines,
Affection is slowly prepar'd for the blow,
Apprehension is calmed while hope alternate shines,
And we slowly approach the infliction of wo.

But when far remote from the friends we have lov'd,
Whom we left mid the pleasures of youth and of health,
The sad tidings are brought us, that death has remov'd,
The person we valu'd beyond the world's wealth :

No warning is given, no sickness is seen,
No funereal rites to impress on the heart,
That the fate which was hardly believ'd could have been,
Has thrown its irrevocable, withering dart.

We imagine at times, 'tis some horrible dream,
And struggle, though vainly, the mind to persuade,
That the gloom intervening only should seem,
Of distance the veil, not of death the black shade.

And can it then be I shall ne'er see again,
One whom I ne'er saw except with delight,
That I never shall hear that enlivening strain,
Which was varied and soft as the songster of night :

Shall I ne'er again bask in the beam of that eye,
Which was brilliant and speaking, soul-thrilling, yet soft,
Ne'er breathe forth again the heart-issuing sigh,
Which thy ravishing smiles have caused me oft ?

Is that exquisite person suffused with grace,
That mind where vivacity constantly shone ;
That sparkling good nature which couch'd in thy face ;
That feeling and taste which ne'er left thee alone ?

Are these favours of heaven, these triumphs of art,
Which envious Fortune so vainly assail'd,
And more than all these, is the warmth of thy heart,
All quench'd in the grave to be deeply bewail'd ?

If that land where I left thee no longer contains,
That form and that soul which I vainly regret,
If the dark ocean which now between us remains,
Is eternity's sea, ne'er retravers'd as yet !

Then farewell to thee ! and the land that contain'd thee,
Farewell to the place where I lov'd thee so well,
Farewell to *the* castle—*the* garden—*the* city—
Dear angelick spirit ! a solemn farewell !

THE PEACOCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE,

A PEACOCK met in silvan dale
That tuneful bird, the Nightingale.
To praise one's self is not so wise,
Though many do it to the skies
Says Pea, " thy talent much assumes,
But what are songs to matchless plumes ?"

The bird of note with less of pride,
In softest melody replied ;